

NEWELL RELIC
AND
CURIO HALL



COMRADE FREDERICK A. NEWELL,
of Attleboro,
Donor of the Collection of Relics and Curios and the
Depository.

DEDICATION
OF THE
NEWELL RELIC
AND
CURIO HALL

PRESENTED TO
FRANKLIN POST, No. 60
DEPT. OF MASSACHUSETTS
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

BY
MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK A. NEWELL
OF
ATTLEBORO, MASS.

GRAND ARMY HEADQUARTERS
FRANKLIN, MASS.

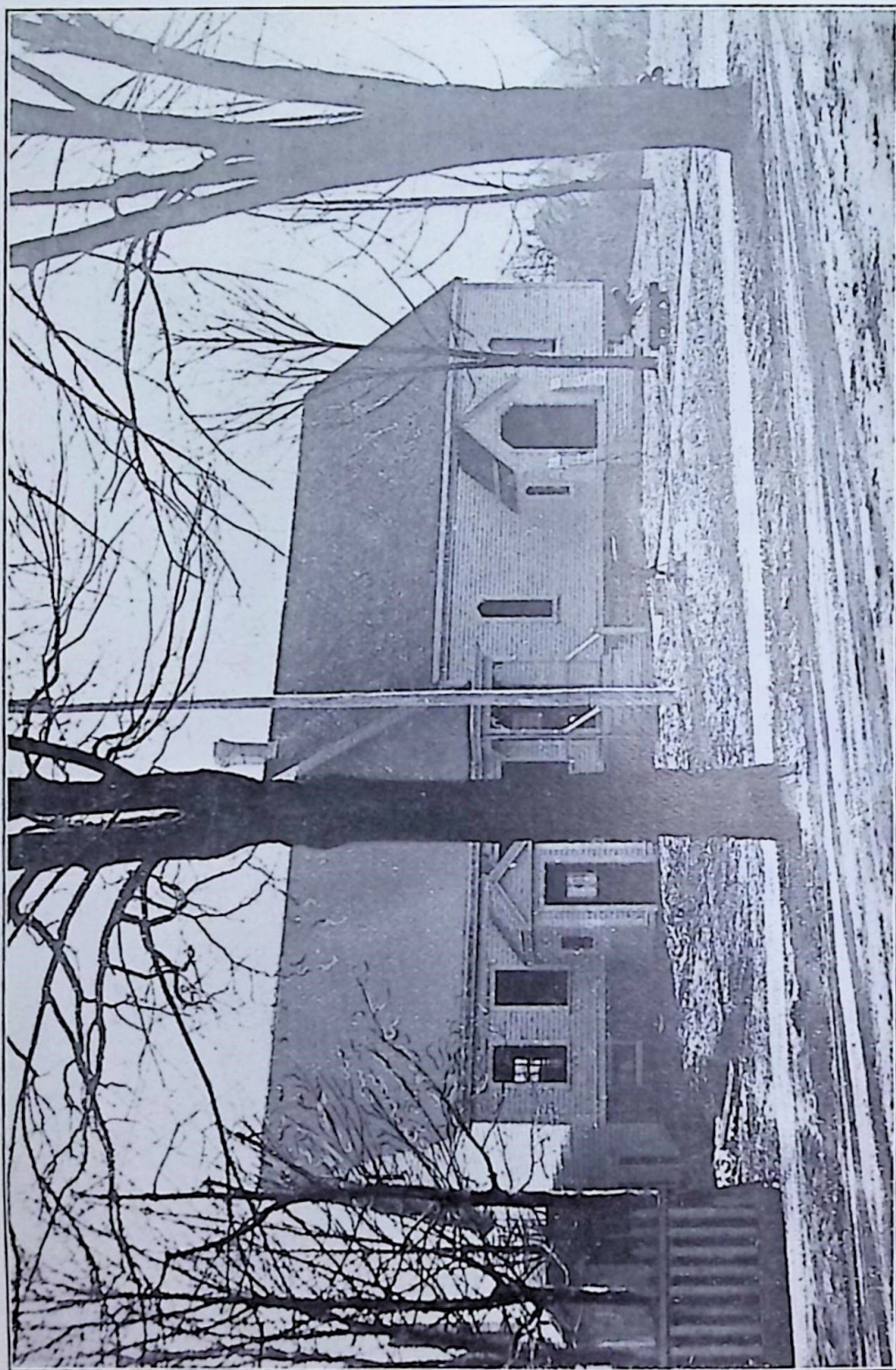
DECEMBER THE TWENTY-NINTH
NINETEEN NINE



PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
MR. RUPERT J. CHUTE, OF BOSTON
COMMANDER OF POST No. 60, G. A. R.
AND
MR. THOMAS ZANSLAUR LEE, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

SNOW & FARNHAM CO.,
PRINTERS
63 WASHINGTON STREET
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

INTRODUCTION



GRAND ARMY HALL,
Headquarters of Franklin Post, 60, G. A. R., and the Newell Relic and Curio Hall.

INTRODUCTION.

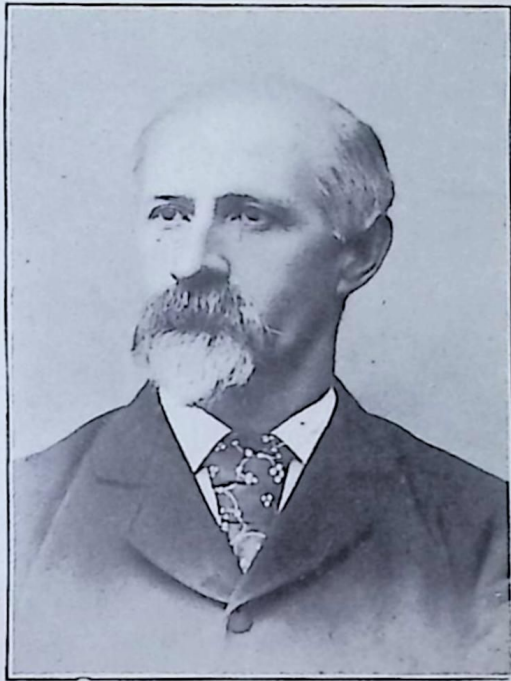
UPON his return from a vacation tour last August, the Commander of Franklin Post, No. 60, G. A. R., Rupert J. Chute, of Boston, received a request from Mr. Frederick A. Newell, of Attleboro, to visit him at his home in that town as he had a matter of considerable importance to discuss with him.

In response to the summons the commander went to Attleboro and called upon Mr. Newell, who, after the usual formalities and exchange of courtesies, at once made known the nature of the desired interview. It appears that one of Mr. Newell's pleasures is the collection of relics and curios, and, as he was about to remove from his elegant estate which had been bought by the county for the site of a proposed court house, he had expressed a desire to present to Post No. 60 his entire accumulation, embracing relics of the Civil War period, the Revolutionary and Colonial periods ; specimens of minerals collected in this country and foreign lands ; antiques of a highly interesting and instructive character, besides rare articles relating to the early history of Franklin and its environment.

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Mr. Chute viewed the varied collection and expressed to Mr. and Mrs. Newell his very great pleasure, stating that he could anticipate the sincere appreciation of his comrades for the proposed gift, and that, at the next meeting of the Post, he would announce what was in store for them. This, the commander did, and the Post voted, with thanks, to receive the splendid collection from Comrade Newell. A committee was appointed, consisting of Comrades George W. Nason, Walter M. Fisher and Edwin A. Mason, with Commander Chute *ex officio*, to have charge of the gift.

A question having previously arisen in the mind of the commander as to the proper disposal of the relics and curios in Grand Army hall, he made known to Mr. and Mrs. Newell the fact that room in the headquarters of the Post was limited. Shortly thereafter the commander was again summoned to Attleboro to consult with Mr. and Mrs. Newell on this particular matter, and was then instructed to call upon one of the builders in Franklin and get his views relative to constructing an addition to the hall to be used for the housing and display of these relics, and to be erected at the expense of the donors of the collection. This was done, and, at a subsequent meeting of the Post, the commander communicated the result of his latest interview with Mr. and Mrs. Newell as to a suitable depository for the relics and curios.



COMRADE WALTER M. FISHER,
Adjutant of Franklin Post, 10,
Member of Building Committee.

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At that meeting the same committee was given power to act as a building committee. The subsequent labors of the commander and the committee are outlined in the report of Comrade Nason, for the committee, as presented at the dedication. An abstract of that report appears in this volume.

Franklin Post, No. 60, has the distinction of being the first Grand Army organization in this department to have a hall set apart exclusively for the collection and display of war relics and curios. This fact was especially emphasized by the orator and other speakers at the exercises of dedication. The commander and his officers and comrades feel much elated that Franklin Post should have the honor of being the pioneer in this respect.

Preparations for a formal and appropriate dedication of the relic depository were made, even before the building was completed. By vote of the Post the commander was given full power to arrange all details of the event. It was deemed advisable to confine the affair to the Grand Army, the Woman's Relief Corps, the Sons and Daughters of Veterans, the Spanish War Veterans, the clergy, and other representative citizens, and, later on, to assign an evening when the general public might have an opportunity to inspect the new quarters. Invitations were sent out in the following form :

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The Officers and Members of

FRANKLIN Post 60, G. A. R.

request the honor of your presence at the Exercises incident to
the Dedication of the

NEWELL RELIC AND CURIO HALL.

Built for, and Presented to, Post 60, by Comrade and
Mrs. Frederick A. Newell, of Attleboro, to be held
at Grand Army Building on the Evening of
December the twenty-ninth, nineteen hundred and nine,
at seven o'clock.

RUPERT J. CHUTE, Commander.

WALTER M. FISHER, Adjutant.

COLLATION AT SIX-THIRTY.

Franklin, Dec. 20, 1909.

NEWELL RELIC AND CURIO HALL

December 29, 1909, will go down in the history of Post No. 60 as one of its most important days. On that occasion, the commander and comrades, assisted by the auxiliary and the allied organizations, formally dedicated the commodious and substantial addition which has been named the Newell Relic and Curio Hall. The exercises, which were dignified and impressive in character, were entirely in keeping with the importance of the event.

Early in the evening an adjourned meeting of the Post was held in headquarters, at which the commander stated that a motion had been handed him for presentation to the meeting by Comrade Nason for immediate action. The acting adjutant, Comrade David W. Corson, read the following:

"I desire to make a motion, and hereby move, that the name of Comrade Frederick A. Newell, of Post No. 145, Attleboro, be placed on the rolls of Franklin Post, No. 60, as an honorary member, believing this motion will meet the hearty response of all our comrades."

This motion was eloquently seconded by Comrade D. W. Corson, Officer of the Day Almon Sanborn and other comrades, and was adopted, amid considerable enthusiasm, by a rising vote.

Prior to the dedicatory exercises the Post and its guests were entertained with a collation served by the

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officers and members of the Woman's Relief Corps, No. 89, assisted by a delegation from M. Alida Newell Tent 27, Daughters of Veterans. The speakers and other guests were seated at the guest table. Among those present, not already mentioned, were Miss Katharine R. A. Flood, of Newton, Past Department President Massachusetts Daughters of Veterans; Comrade T. Benton Kelley of the Department of Vermont, G. A. R.; Comrade Edwin T. Cowell, Past President of the National Association of Signal Corps Veterans; Rev. John Reid, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Franklin; Rev. J. H. Stubbs, pastor of the First M. E. Church of Franklin; Mr. George F. S. Singleton, ex-selectman of Franklin; Mrs. Lena Dearborn, of Somerville, President-elect of Tent 12, D. of V., of that city; Mrs. Annabelle Lewis Woodward, of Franklin, President of Corps 89; Herbert C. Stewart, of Franklin, Commander of T. M. Turner Camp 110, Sons of Veterans; Mrs. Annie Bassett Jacobs, of Franklin, President of M. Alida Newell Tent 27, D. of V.; Miss A. Elizabeth Walsh, of Franklin, the reader; Mr. John Walsh, local editor of the *Woonsocket, R. I., Call*; Mrs. Turner Rollinson, of Franklin, soloist; Mr. Carl B. Johnson, editor and proprietor of the *Franklin Sentinel*; Miss Viola Follis, of Providence, and Mrs. Charles Fields, of Boston, assistant compiler of the forthcoming volume, "The Minute Men of '61."

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Seated at this table, also, was Miss Elizabeth Partridge Darling, of Providence, the great granddaughter of George I. Partridge, of Franklin, the oldest bandmaster in the United States.

The blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr. Reid, and for an hour the large company, numbering more than one hundred persons, enjoyed the repast that had been so abundantly provided by the members of the Corps, and was handsomely served under direction of the executive committee, of which Mrs. Harriet E. Turner was chairman. There were no after-dinner exercises in the dining hall.

After the collation, the commander announced that the programme of the evening would be begun at once, and invited the guests and the hosts to adjourn to headquarters hall. The orator and the other speakers were seated on the platform on either side of the commander, while the cosy hall was well-filled with the Veterans, the Woman's Relief Corps, the Sons and Daughters of Veterans, veterans of the Spanish War, visiting comrades from neighboring Posts of the G. A. R., representatives of the Business Men's Association, the clergy and the school board.

An attractive souvenir had been prepared for the occasion. On the title page was a picture of Mr. Frederick A. Newell, and on the last page a picture of Grand Army hall as it appears today, with a roster of

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the Post officers. The second page contained the lists of committees, and the third the order of exercises, which follows:

BUILDING COMMITTEE:

Commander Rupert J. Chute, *Ex-officio*.

George W. Nason, *Chairman*.

Adjutant Walter M. Fisher.

Quartermaster Edwin A. Mason.

COMMITTEE ON DEDICATION:

The Commander.

The Adjutant.

The Quartermaster.

George W. Nason, Silas E. Fales, Preston M. Farrington
and Charles O. Greene.

Honorary Committee on Dedication — Mrs. Annabelle L. Woodward
and Mrs. E. S. Whitaker, Corps 89; Mrs. Annie Bassett Jacobs
and Miss Gertrude M. Rose, Tent 27, D. of V.; Herbert C.
Stewart, and Arthur M. Jenckes, Camp 110, S. of V.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE:

Almon Sanbern, David W. Corson, Albert J. Newell, John D. Mc-
Williams, Anthony Connors, Daniel W. Fisher, Charles R. Gowen,
Edwin F. Partridge, George A. Kingsbury, James F. Rose,
Ruel B. Moody, Fred A. Hartshorn, Wm. H. Jackson, Wm.
F. King, Ruel D. Worcester, Henry A. Hobart, Newton Ben-
edict, and Joseph W. Smith.

AUXILIARY COMMITTEE:

Miss Carrie C. Mason, Miss Gertrude M. Rose, Mrs. Maud C. Brown,
Mrs. Harriet E. Turner.



COMRADE EDWIN A. MASON,
Quartermaster of Franklin Post, 60,
Member of Building Committee.

NEWELL RELIC AND CURIO HALL

"Nullius boni sine socio jucunda possessio est." — SENECA.

(There is no joy in the possession of any blessing unless we share it with another.)

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Prayer:

REV. J. H. STUBBS,
Of Franklin.

Introductory Remarks:

COMMANDER RUPERT J. CHUTE,
Of Post 60.

Music: "America."

MRS. TURNER ROLLINSON and Audience.

Dedicatory Address:

HON. ALFRED S. ROE,
Of Worcester, Past Department Commander, Massachusetts G. A. R.

Presentation of the Keys:

COMRADE GEORGE W. NASON,
Chairman of the Building Committee.

Acceptance on the Part of Post 60:

BY COMMANDER CHUTE.

Reading:

MISS A. ELIZABETH WALSH.

Music: "Star Spangled Banner."

MRS. TURNER ROLLINSON and Audience.

Announcement:

BY COMRADE NASON.

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Address:

BY HON. THOMAS Z. LEE,
Of Providence, representing Comrade and Mrs. Newell.

Address:

BY JOHN L. PARKER,
Commander Department of Massachusetts G. A. R.

Music: "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."
MRS. TURNER ROLLINSON and Audience.

Remarks:

BY HON. BRADLEY M. ROCKWOOD,
Senator from the Second Norfolk District.

Remarks:

BY GEORGE F. S. SINGLETON,
Ex-Selectman of Franklin.
GEORGE A. HOSLEY,
Of Boston.

Song:

T. BENTON KELLEY,
Of Boston.

As the guests entered the audience room each was handed one of the souvenir programmes by a committee from Camp 110 of the Sons of Veterans.

The central figures on the platform with the commander, who presided, were orator of the evening, the Hon. Alfred S. Roe, of Worcester, Past Department Commander of the Massachusetts G. A. R., whose splendid address appears in this volume in full; the Hon. Thomas Z. Lee, of Providence and Woonsocket,

R. I., who was present as the friend and representative of Mr. and Mrs. Newell, whose absence by reason of illness and the inclemency of the weather was greatly regretted by every person ; the Hon. Bradley M. Rockwood, of Franklin, Senator from the Second Norfolk District ; the Department Commander of the Massachusetts G. A. R., Captain John L. Parker, of Lynn, who was accompanied by his Assistant Adjutant-General, Comrade Israel H. DeWolf, of Somerville ; and Comrade George A. Hosley, of Boston, Commander of the Grand Army Club of Massachusetts.

DEDICATION OF THE

PRAYER.

—
BY THE REV. J. H. STUBBS.



REV. J. H. STUBBS,
of the Franklin Methodist Episcopal Church,
who made the Dedicatory Prayer.

INTRODUCTION OF THE REV. J. H. STUBBS.
BY THE CHAIRMAN,
COMMANDER R. J. CHUTE.

In order to expedite matters, we will start right in with our programme. The Rev. R. K. Marvin, whose name appears on the programme, was unable to be here, and sent a letter of regret. In the absence of Mr. Marvin, I have requested another one of the local clergymen to open our exercises with prayer. I will ask the Rev. Mr. Stubbs to invoke God's blessing on this occasion.

THE PRAYER.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, the lover of humanity, the lover of good and true and loyal men and women, we thank Thee for this privilege of meeting together here under these most pleasant auspices tonight, and we invoke Thy blessing upon these men and women whose hairs are now white and whose shoulders are somewhat bent under the burdens of life that they have borne, but are still with us in goodly numbers.

We pray for Thy blessing to descend upon these men and women whose hearts were oftentimes made sad and burdened because of the great pressure that there was upon the nation they loved, and do love, so much.

We pray that Thou wilt bless these exercises for the good of us who are younger; of us who were mere lads, and some who were not born when these men bore the burdens of this nation in its distress; and grant that these exercises may inspire us to a nobler endeavor that has never entered our minds before.

We pray for Thy blessing, O Father, upon the brother who, out of the greatness of his heart, has

given to this organization a memorial that will last, and will interest and hold the attention of those who are here and those who shall follow. Bless him and his, we pray.

And we ask for Thy blessing upon our town. We thank Thee for the public spirit of the town, and we pray Thee that everything that is necessary for true prosperity and enlightenment of mind and strengthening of noble manhood and womanhood may be ours. We pray for Thy blessing upon our nation, upon him to whom all eyes are turned in this and in other lands. May his life be precious in Thy sight. May he prove a statesman worthy of the respect of his constituents.

We pray for Thy blessing upon our law-makers, both state and national, that they may be men who will have the great interests of this nation at heart, and whatever they shall legislate, may it be for the good of this great and growing nation. Once more we return to this place, O Father. We pray now for Thy blessing upon the officers of this organization, the men and women who are planning for its extension in this place. We pray for the young men and women who have banded themselves together to perpetuate the memories of their fathers, some of whom are deceased and some whose years will not be many. God bless them. May this true spirit of patriotism enter all hearts. We ask it in the name of our great Master, Amen.

DEDICATION OF THE

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,
BY
COMMANDER RUPERT J. CHUTE.



COMRADE RUPERT JAMES CHUTE,
Commander Post 60, G. A. R.

THE COMMANDER'S ADDRESS.

Comrade Roe, Department Commander Parker, Judge Lee, Comrades and Friends: We have met here this evening for the purpose of dedicating a substantial addition to the home of the Grand Army in this town. It is a structure made possible by the generosity and thoughtfulness of a former townsman, Mr. Frederick A. Newell, of Attleboro, and his good wife, both of whom are imbued with that true spirit of patriotism which the old soldier honors and admires.

While this new structure stands a monument to their public spirit, it also stands unique in the grand organization which we veterans of the Civil War represent, as the first edifice of its kind to be exclusively used as a depository for relics of the Civil War; also for curios of all kinds, antiques and the like, which may be placed in the custody of the Commander and officers of this Post of the Grand Army.

To the donors of this commodious annex to Post No. 60's cosy little building, we, the members, feel profoundly grateful. To these dear, good, friends of

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the veterans and the organizations allied to the Grand Army of the Republic in this town, we extend our heartfelt thanks. To Comrade Frederick A. Newell for his gift of relics, the accumulation of a lifetime, we owe a debt that can only be repaid with a soldier's true, earnest, appreciation. To Mrs. Newell, for her gift of this substantial annex, and for her zeal and unflagging interest in the accomplishment of this splendid tribute, is also due a lasting debt of gratitude.

It has been the desire of Comrade and Mrs. Newell, and often expressed to the commander, that this memorial and relic room be for the "old boys," and it is their hope that it will please them and be a source of enjoyment to them. That their hope and wishes are fulfilled, even to the utmost, is evidenced by the great satisfaction so many times voiced by the "old boys" since this enterprise was started.

It is further evidenced by the large company here assembled, representing, as it does, the Grand Army of the Republic; that noble auxiliary to the G. A. R., the Woman's Relief Corps; the allied organizations known as the Sons and Daughters of Veterans; representatives of the Massachusetts Senate and House; the clergy of Franklin; the Business Men's Association; the Rhode Island Bar; that splendid institution of learning, Dean Academy; the public schools; the Board of Selectman; and the Veterans of the Spanish War.



MRS. TURNER ROLLINSON,
of Franklin Corps, 89,
Soloist.

NEWELL RELIC AND CURIO HALL

This large collection of curios and relics gathered by Mr. and Mrs. Newell in their extensive travels and and presented to Post No. 60, is most interesting, embracing as it does minerals from the richest mines in America, curios from foreign countries, relics of the Revolutionary and Civil War periods, and a large variety of other exhibits relating to the past and present history of Franklin and vicinity. This collection will give to the people of Franklin subjects for study long after this Post has ceased to exist. For this splendid contribution, the comrades have already returned their thanks to the donors, but on this occasion I will again voice the sentiment of my comrades anew, assuring Mr. and Mrs. Newell of our very great appreciation.

It is proper at this time, when our labors are practically completed, that a word be said of the building committee. To the three comrades composing that committee, I desire to return my thanks. The thought and work encompassed by this undertaking can only be measured by the result, and to Comrades Nason, Fisher and Mason, for their co-operation in bringing about the culmination of all the plans, I wish to extend my appreciation.

"AMERICA."

The next number, as you will see, is "America," and Mrs. Rollinson will lead. It will not be necessary to

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rise, because there may be considerable standing up before we get through, but I would like to have everybody to join in singing two verses of "America."

Never before in Grand Army hall had "America" been sung so grandly as on this occasion. Mr. Turner Rollinson, at the piano, assisted materially in its splendid rendition.

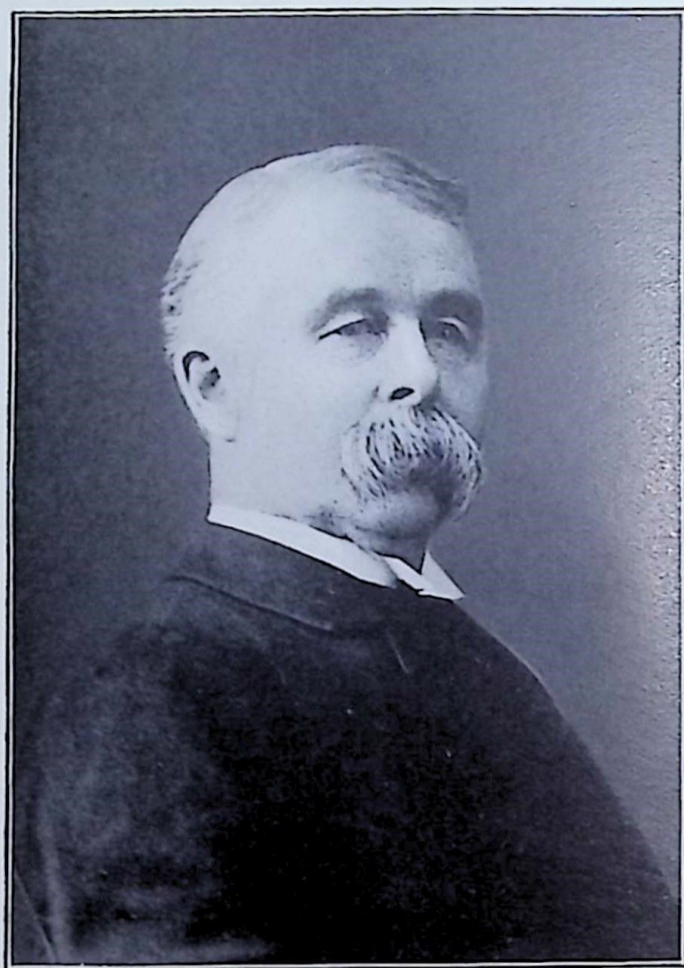
NEWELL RELIC AND CURIO HALL

THE
DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

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THE COMMANDER'S INTRODUCTION OF
HON. ALFRED S. ROE,
PAST DEPARTMENT COMMANDER OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS G. A. R.

We are favored by having with us our good comrade, Past Department Commander Alfred S. Roe, of Worcester. He was our guest, if you remember, in 1908, when we had our anniversary, and every person present that evening expressed a desire to hear him again. As soon as the dedication of this annex was announced I immediately got into communication with him and extended an invitation, which he accepted, with an earnest expression of his pleasure at the prospect of being here again. It is not necessary to introduce Comrade Roe; almost all the people here have seen him; I will merely present to you Comrade Roe.



HON. ALFRED S. ROE,
of Worcester,
Who delivered the Dedicatory Address.

COMRADE ROE'S ADDRESS.

Commander Chute, Commander Parker, Comrades, Ladies of the Relief Corps, Sons and Daughters of Veterans, and Veterans of the Spanish War: Your Commander is quite right in saying that I expressed a willingness to be here. I have never neglected any opportunity to visit Franklin whenever the same has offered itself. This town is the birthplace of my wife, and I wish that she might be in good enough health to be here with me tonight. She said that she would be awaiting my return, sitting up for me. I might remark, however, to qualify that statement, that she cannot lie down—she has to sit up on account of her ailment—so that she will, doubtless, be awaiting me when I reach home about one o'clock.

Such an errand as this, the dedication of a hall for the keeping and displaying of relics, is an event that comes very near my heart. For more than a year, indeed ever since I have had to do with the Department Office, I have aimed to have prepared a statement as to monuments, tablets, pictures, memorials of any

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sort that Massachusetts has secured to keep alive memories of the strife from '61 to '65. My copy for the book is ready. Through the delay incident to its printing, I am now enabled to write more fully on this hall and its contents. Had it gone to press some weeks ago, I could have said only that a very liberal, generous, patriotic, former citizen of Franklin proposed to do so and so for Franklin and the Post in Franklin. I can do more than that now—I can describe it.

Indeed, it is apparent to me, when I think of what the addition is and the name of the donor, that it becomes, comrades, your “New-ell” in more ways than one. I think it will be remembered as such in many a day to come, when possibly the comrades present here tonight shall have ceased from this earth of ours. It is true that many of them are grayheaded and bowed in form, but I am glad that so many are here to have a part in this very significant exercise.

Your commander has said that the project is unique. It is truly unique with no qualification whatever. Other Posts have their relics; you had your relics before this presentation, and I have enjoyed looking over the same on visiting this room. The room itself, the building, is pictured in my mind so well that I can recall it wherever I am. I know of no more pleasant quarters, none better appointed for the purposes to

which it is devoted, than this building for the use of your special Post.

I repeat that other Posts have their relics, and among the questions that I have put to every Post in the Department was, "What do you esteem as your special relic? What would you lay your hands upon and save first if you could rescue only two or three objects from destruction, were fire to threaten your edifice?" And I have a long list of hundreds of articles that these old boys deem worthy of preservation.

The Nathaniel Lyon Post over in Webster, named for that gallant Connecticut soldier who died in Missouri in the early days of the War, the man who saved Missouri to the Union if any one man did that, they have not only his diploma from West Point and his military chest with many of its belongings, but they have a hoof of the horse he was riding when he met his death, when at Wilson's Creek he went down in death before the enemy. A magnificent relic, truly.

Up in Clinton, I asked the comrades what they considered their chief and most valued memento, and one man said that he didn't know that they had any one thing they set special store by, "but if there is just one it is this," and he picked out a little bronze paper weight in the shape of an anvil. I said, "What is its origin?" and he told me that the metal of which it

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was made was a part of the propeller that sent the "Kearsarge" through the waters, that was making the motions that sent the "Kearsarge" against the "Alabama" when the "Alabama" went down to her watery grave in June, 1864. The very metal itself is a relic to be cherished by the children of generations to come.

Over in Marlboro, the comrades will show you hanging out in front of the Grand Army Hall a bell. You find bells everywhere; but a bell on a Grand Army Hall is somewhat of an innovation. But that bell has a history. That is the one that hung over John Brown's Fort when, fifty years and a few months ago, he undertook to start the campaign which the soldiers of '61 ended, in his desire to secure the liberation of the slaves. John Brown's bell is there in front of that hall, and they ring it on all occasions. I haven't heard whether they rang it on the second day of last month, commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the hanging of John Brown. There are times when even hanging may be made glorious, and John Brown, departing from this life in such manner, became the grandest figure in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, for he was willing to sacrifice his life-blood for that which he believed.

And our own Post No. 10, in Worcester—what do we most esteem? What would our boys do their ut-

most to save, and they did save it once when our hall was burnt on the fourth of March, 1897? It is the bell that was on the Confederates' boat, the "Albermarle," the boat that was under water for a time after Commodore Cushing fired the torpedo that sent the "Albermarle" to her death. And sometimes in fancy I hear the bell, ringing over our hall, curiously responsive to the tones of John Brown's bell, the bell that called forth our people to battle, inaugurating this grand movement, and signalling, indicating, marking, a step forward in the War which brought about the liberation of slaves and the perpetuity of this Federal Union.

Then again I say, that all these Posts have their relics, but they have not as yet any special place for their keeping. They are placed upon the walls; they are above the bookcases in the Post libraries; they may be down in front of the Commander's seat, or in front of the various stands occupied by his assistants; but to this Post alone comes the honor of having the very first room assigned to it for the maintenance and keeping of its collection.

I will confess, Commander, I did not know until I heard from you that our Comrade Newell had been making such a collection as this. I did know that Attleboro had a magnificent collection, the largest and best private collection I have ever seen, that of Major

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Horton. He has gathered relics from over the entire country, anything and everything that pertains to war has been grist to his mill. His mementoes are in his own possession as yet. So that Attleboro has had two collections of this sort, but one comes away from that town to this.

I believe we cannot collect such articles with too much care. To me they are especially interesting. I can't remember the day when my feelings were not deeply affected by the sight of some object that had history connected with it.

The city of Albany, or better still, I ought to say the State of New York, has ordained that a large room in the great capitol structure at the head of State Street in Albany, shall be devoted to the keeping, the care of military relics ; and though the building itself is the most ornate, the most costly edifice in America, I doubt whether visitors give as much attention or time to any portion of that edifice as they do to the room where these relics are collected. They have custodians there whose business it is to exhibit and explain the various relics to the visitors who go up the elevator to the place where they may gain entrance to this room. They have in one of the corridors the flags borne by the New York regiments, just as we have in our own capitol building on Beacon Hill, in Boston, our Massachusetts regimental flags.

But one flag resembles another. We may ask for the flag that our fathers carried. The visitor from outside of Massachusetts will ask, I presume, first of all where the flag of the Sixth Regiment is, when he goes into Memorial Hall, the home of flags in Boston; for the Sixth Regiment flag was the first to come under Rebel eyes or to be a target for rebel bullets. Not the flag of a regiment that lost its scores and hundreds of men as some did, but it was the first flag borne by a man in blue, in the uniform of the United States, through the streets of Baltimore on that memorable nineteenth of April, 1861.

I wish we could have in some way the picture of the man who bore it and the attitude he maintained, for I understand that Timothy Crowley walked as steadily, as firmly, as gallantly as any man had ever done on parade, when he carried that flag, the same that Governor Andrew had given to Colonel Jones only two days before with the message, "This represents the state whence you are about to depart, it represents home, it represents those who stand behind this regiment, and you will not suffer any harm or disgrace to come to it," and Colonel Jones taking it said, "It is true what you have said, your Excellency, and there is not a man here who would not die sooner than any disgrace or harm should befall this flag." And I repeat that Timothy Crowley carried that banner as

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steadily as though he had been on parade. And that is the flag that when, as a stranger, forty and more years ago, I first visited Massachusetts, I asked to see first of all.

Over yonder is a hall where curios are to be stored. I hope measures will be taken to have that hall made fireproof, so that these relics may not be destroyed through any such lack.

Relics! Our heart goes out to them. Why has England for more than a thousand years placed her memorials of gallant souls in public places? Gray, in his famous elegy, touches upon that, when he says:

“If Mem’ry o’er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro’ the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.”

I didn’t know what those words meant until I visited Canterbury Cathedral, and saw the coat worn by Edward, the Black Prince, at Poitiers. There is something that stirs the hearts of a multitude in these sacred mementos of bygone days. And I went into other churches, other cathedrals, and I found in other places trophies of war. In England, in Scotland, in Wales, there were tales told by these trophies of the valor of Britons in years that have long gone by.

And I hope, as the years roll onward, that the children of future generations will come into yonder hall and there learn of the patriotism of their fore-

fathers ; and they can learn more than that, for this collection is not confined to relics of wars only through which this country has passed. There is a magnificent object lesson there. I will guarantee there are children in our big schools that could go there and see utensils that were in vogue when we comrades were boys, and they wouldn't know what their uses were.

I have counted off with my sister by the hour when the butter was an unconscionably long time coming in one of those dasher churns. I would count a hundred and then my sister Addie would count a hundred, and it always seemed to me that her hundred was shorter than mine. And I repeat, the average child won't know what that utensil is for.

And back of that I saw another utensil on a shelf. I saw a board filled with nails, sticking up like sharp fingers, scores of them ; and I will warrant there are men and women here by the score tonight who wouldn't know what it was. But our grandmothers and our grandfathers knew. Our grandfathers raised the flax and brought it in and ran it through a hatchel as they called it, in order that they might take off the harsh fibre, and then it was spun into thread and our grandmothers wove it into the garments that some of us cherish today as precious relics.

I have a part of an old grain-bag that belonged to my grandfather. It is too precious to be used. My

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mother said when she gave it to me, "Knowing your fondness for relics, I have sent what was a grain-bag to you. I have cut it up, but have saved especially the part that has your grandfather's name, 'A. Roe,' and it was put on there nearly one hundred years ago when the family lived on Long Island. But the interest lies in the fact that he raised the flax and your grandmother spun the cloth and made the bag, and your grandfather used it during a long lifetime in New York."

And you have one of those hatchels out on yonder shelf. And there are kettles, old brass kettles. Artemus Ward says his wife and neighbor could converse over the back fence while they were making boiled cider apple sauce in brass kettles, for no boiled cider apple sauce was ever properly made unless in a brass kettle. Some of our audience here tonight must have heard their mothers say so. I have been particular to say "boiled" cider apple sauce. They didn't always call it so; some called it "biled," but it meant just the same.

So then I repeat that the teacher may come with the pupils to view this collection, this unique collection which might have gone into yonder library building. I presume the authorities of the library would have been willing to make room for it there. In my reports from the different Posts in the cities and towns

all over the Commonwealth, I have had the statement made that most of our relics have been moved into the library buildings, rare paintings hang on the walls of the libraries although they belong to the Posts ; but at present I congratulate you, comrades, that you have your own relic room, because this property is yet in your own keeping ; and I hope that it will be added to, that it will be utilized, not kept here under lock and key for no one to see. I hope, above all things, that it will be properly catalogued and the articles named, and that someone will stand by when teachers and pupils come here and explain the different articles, for teachers, I am sorry to say, do not know everything ; they can't tell all the stories connected with these different relics ; but with proper labels, and better, if they would come and study them a little while before they bring their pupils, very likely they could give them an added presentation.

I ought to say that in the legislature a number of years ago, having visited this great collection of the State of New York in Albany and knowing what vast spaces we had unfilled in the corridors of our capitol in Boston, not so beautiful outside, that is, beyond the Bulfinch front, but particularly interesting within, with I repeat abundant spaces that might be filled, I introduced a bill to the effect that a certain sum of money, I think one thousand dollars, should be

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appropriated annually for the purchase of relics of the wars through which or in which Massachusetts has been engaged, the same to be kept in the custody of the Commonwealth within the building. I didn't have very much trouble in getting the bill through; a presentation before the committee, an explanation before the legislative body to which I belonged, was enough and it went through; but I am very sorry to say it did not seem to strike a responsive chord in those in authority at the State House and nothing has come of it.

Massachusetts' equal in her collection of relics, as a Commonwealth, does not exist. In going through the State and gathering these records that I hope within the near future to have presented to the Posts and libraries of the State, I find a great deal of money has been given for monuments and other memorials. These will be included in that list, but I shall have to revise my summaries because of your expenditures here and the value of the gifts made by Comrade Newell. But already the summaries for monuments alone in Massachusetts, and by that I mean such as you have on yonder common which I understand was given by this same comrade, show that this Commonwealth has laid out a million and a half of dollars for memorials from the \$150,000 monument in Boston on the Common to the twenty-five dollar tablet that just

commemorates in one of the small town halls of Massachusetts the fact that their town sent so many soldiers into the strife. A million and a half of dollars! And if we include in our summaries the buildings that are called memorial libraries, memorial halls, memorial churches, memorial buildings of any kind, we shall find another aggregate of about a million and a half of dollars, or three millions in all. And then, if we should add to that the cost of Post buildings such as this and the others throughout the Commonwealth, we should again have to add to our aggregate about four hundred thousand dollars. And if we add to that what Massachusetts herself has done in the way of monuments and memorials in the great Chelsea home and in the care and maintenance of our comrades there, we shall find another aggregate of something like thirty millions of dollars; and, although New York has done magnificently in this collection in Albany, New York has not done as much for the veteran or his memory as Massachusetts.

There are three hundred and fifty-four cities and towns in our Commonwealth. About one hundred have not erected any monument whatever, but the other towns and cities have erected sufficient within their borders to make an average of more than one for every city and town in Massachusetts. Gloucester, I think, has seven. If there are half a

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dozen cemeteries in the town, the Post or the town itself says, "We must have a memorial in this cemetery to commemorate the dead veterans who are buried here," and forthwith the suggestion is put into execution and the exercises in the cemetery take place.

And your collection tonight goes in, I repeat, to help swell this great aggregate.

To me is committed the task of dedicating this hall, of making the dedicatory address, and this I am endeavoring to do in my own way. We are not to march in procession through that hall, we are not to carry our flags through it; there will be no sprinkling of water upon any portion of it. It was dedicated and is dedicated in our own hearts for all-time or so long as God shall give us the privilege of continuing upon this, his footstool. It is dedicated to the purposes of the antiquary, namely, the preservation of the mementos of the olden times.

I trust I am not altogether a "moss-back." I am not one of those who think there are no times like the old times. We older people remember how careless we were in our boyhood. If I fell through the ice as boys sometimes do, and went home dripping with moisture, I didn't care very much about it. I knew that mother would supply me with a new suit of garments immediately, and I would go out and perhaps repeat it. I was careless, so were you, and we look

back to those times when we had not the cares of life upon our shoulders. We had given no hostages to fortune, we were ourselves the hostages. And so we look back, I repeat, to the days of childhood and say, "Give me back the old times." "Backward, turn backward, oh time in thy flight, Make me a child again just for tonight."

How we sing it and how we enjoy it, and yet I believe if the opportunity came we would say "I am quite content to stay in today."

We love today! One of the best things said by Edward Everett Hale in his later — I won't say years, months or weeks — almost his last utterance was "They are talking about the Boston of 1920, the Boston of 1915, the Boston of tomorrow, I say the Boston of today." And however much we may enjoy the relics that are before us, they are valuable to us as we note how we have marched forward, what the line of improvement has been from those primitive times up to the magnificent conditions of today, till we appreciate to the fullest extent the privileges that the present affords.

Here is an electric light! Yonder, I presume you will find moulds in which candles were run fifty years ago, and back of that you will find the sticks that were laid across the wash boiler after the candles had been dipped. Did you ever see them dipped? People

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complain about the electric lights, that they don't burn well; but I hesitate to make complaint when I think that in days gone by all we had between darkness and our cherished book was the light from one small tallow candle. Our relics will show us what our ancestors had, what they used, what they profited by.

So let me conclude by saying let us make the most of this collection. Let us, by word and by vote, return to Comrade Newell our heartfelt appreciation for his generosity, for his thoughtfulness which prompted him to make this collection. I doubt not it has been a diversion for him through all these years; but what a priceless donation it is to this dear old town of Franklin. In the library, they will show you the books Benjamin Franklin sent to the town when it took the name of Franklin. Not one of you would like to read them; I tried it, but they were not very interesting. I would rather read a book of today, rather read an editorial in the Boston *Transcript* or any other of the up-to-date papers; but yet they are still valuable as relics.

Let us then prompt our children to care for these relics, prompt them to come here and study them, and see what advances have been made along the various lines they represent.

So then, comrades and friends, we dedicate this collection, the gift of our Comrade Newell, with a due

sense of his generosity and our obligation to him. We dedicate it to the perpetuity of this vast nation of ours. We dedicate it to the memory of the gallant men who laid down their lives for the salvation of this great land. We dedicate it to the maintenance, to the everlasting influence of the grand colors under which we are assembled here tonight. We dedicate it to this, our mighty nation, the grandest of all — I can't say the grandest that ever will be — but a pattern, a model for all other nations upon this, the footstool of God.

My friends, I thank you for your kind and considerate attention. (Great applause.)

After the applause had subsided the orator asked permission to say a word more. He suggested that a rising vote of thanks to Comrade and Mrs. Newell be taken for their magnificent and costly gift. The vote was unanimous and enthusiastic.

DEDICATION OF THE

PRESENTATION OF THE KEYS

BY

COMRADE GEORGE W. NASON.

Commander, Comrades of Post No. 60, and Friends :
As chairman of the committee upon the extension of Post 60's hall, and the reception of war relics and curios presented by Comrade and Mrs. Frederick A. Newell, of Attleboro, I will state, that on August 23 the Commander of this Post reported to the comrades the offer of Comrade Newell to present his collection of relics, etc., to the Post. The offer was accepted, and a committee of three, consisting of George W. Nason, Walter M. Fisher and Edwin A. Mason, was appointed to receive the same. The question of a suitable place for the relics was duly considered, and on September 6 the Commander, the Chairman, Comrade Mason and others, visited Comrade and Mrs. Newell at their home in Attleboro, where the subject of an extension was discussed. The committee secured figures from different builders.



COMRADE GEORGE W. NASON,
Past Commander, Franklin Post, 60,
Chairman of Building Committee.

NEWELL RELIC AND CURIO HALL

On Tuesday, October 19, the chairman of the building committee, furnished with plans and estimates, and accompanied by the Commander, visited Comrade Newell at Attleboro, where the plans and figures were reviewed and examined. Authority was then given the Commander and Chairman, for the committee, to to contract for the work of construction of a suitable addition to the hall, and on Thursday, October 21, the committee signed a contract with Roswell K. Stevens, the builder. The annex is now practically finished; the relics and curios have been received and placed therein.

Your committee has faithfully performed the duty assigned, and it is with great pleasure that I herewith, in behalf of said committee, deliver to Post No. 60, through its Commander, the keys of the annex, to be known as The Newell Relic and Curio Hall.

DEDICATION OF THE

ACCEPTANCE OF THE KEYS

BY

COMMANDER CHUTE.

In the name of my comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, representing as they do the soldiers and sailors who defended the integrity and authority of this nation, I thank you for your courtesy, and, through you, the good people whom you represent. In accepting the keys of the Newell Relic and Curio hall I recognize the fact, sir, that this structure is to be a memorial to the heroism of the past and a storehouse of knowledge for the future.

I will now place the keys in the custody of the trustees. Officer of the Day, you will hand these keys to the committee, who will turn them over to the chairman of the board.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

As a prelude to report of the building committee Comrade Nason made a brief allusion to a former Post of the G. A. R., in Franklin, Post No. 70, which survived about six years, and which was succeeded in 1881, by the present Post No. 60. In part, he said: "On May 16, 1881, Franklin Post, No. 60, was instituted. Its complete roster today shows nearly two hundred names, and, at the present time, there are fifty members.

The Post, with the aid of its splendid auxiliary associations, Woman's Relief Corps 89, the Sons of Veterans and Daughters of Veterans, have raised and expended nearly seven thousand dollars in this town for charity, and for the patriotic work of the Grand Army.

The good people of Franklin will testify to the noble work performed by Post No. 60. In Grand Army circles, the Post rates with the best, as the department officers here present can tell you. Let it continue as such until every comrade has answered the last roll call.

DEDICATION OF THE

READINGS

BY

MISS A. ELIZABETH WALSH.



MISS A. ELIZABETH WALSH,
Reader.

THE COMMANDER'S INTRODUCTION
OF
MISS WALSH.

Commander Chute : We have a little lady with us this evening who always responds willingly to an invitation to speak, or read, for the Grand Army in Franklin, Miss Walsh.

MISS WALSH'S POEMS.

DOES IT SEEM LIKE A DREAM?

"Does it seem like a dream, old soldiers,
Those long-past terrible days,
When you stood with your hearts unshielded
In the midst of the fierce battle's blaze?

When death's grim reapers were cutting
Great swaths through the war-plowed land,
And by hundreds and thousands your comrades
Were falling on every hand?

Does it seem like a dream, old soldiers,
You, with the halting feet,
The times when you marched for battle,
To the drum's soul-stirring beat?

Or when, with the odds against you,
And the enemy pressing near,
At the word of command, tho' shame-faced,
You slowly turned to the rear?

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When the touch of the wintry weather
Quickens the old bullet wound,
Are the stiffened chords of memory,
To a vibrant measure tuned?

Do you live again in fancy
Those scenes of the war past-o'er,
And march and skirmish and rally
'Round the dear old flag once more?

When at eve your dear ones wonder
If grandpa be fast asleep,
Have your thoughts to the midnight picket
Take their backward sweep?

Dear comrades, wrinkled and war-worn,
To me it seems like a dream —
That you were all smart young soldiers —
With the bayonet's flashing gleam

Above you ; and on your shoulders
The knapsack, martial and neat,
Away with the great Union army
You marched with your strong young feet.

But, dear, old, veteran soldiers,
The strange weird dream is true ;
As you lovingly cared for us in past years,
We will lovingly care for you."

Enthusiastic applause merited a recall and the commander said : I will ask Miss Walsh if she will read another little piece I think she has with her ? Gracefully acknowledging the compliment, Miss Walsh read the following :

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"NO FRIENDS LIKE THE OLD FRIENDS."

"There are no friends like the old friends,
Where'er we dwell or roam,
In lands beyond the ocean
Or near the bounds of home ;
And when they smile to gladden,
Or sometimes frown to guide,
We fondly wish those old friends
Were with us by our side.

There are no friends like the old friends,
There are none so good and true ;
We greet them as we meet them —
As roses greet the dew ;
No other friends are dearer
Though born of kindred mold,
And while we prize the new ones,
We treasure more the old.

There are no friends like the old friends
To help us with that load
Which all must bear who journey
O'er life's uneven road ;
And when unconquered sorrows
The weary hours invest,
The kindly words of old friends
Are always found the best.

No, there are no friends like the old friends,
To calm our frequent fears,
When shadows fall and deepen
Through life's declining years ;
And when our weary footsteps
Approach the Great Divide
We long to meet those old friends
Who wait the other side."

GIFT FOR MISS WALSH.

When Miss Walsh had concluded her two selections the presiding officer requested Herbert C. Stewart, Commander of T. M. Turner Camp, No. 110, Sons of Veterans, to escort her to the platform. When he had done so, the young lady was addressed by Commander Chute, as follows: "My Sister, you have always been more than kind to the Post at various times in the past, and, with the approval of the Department Commander and the comrades of the G. A. R., I wish to present you with the beautiful badge of the Massachusetts Department. You can put it among your choicest treasures as a souvenir of this event." The commander then pinned the decoration on the young lady's dress.

Miss Walsh was taken completely by surprise, and was quite overcome, but responded gracefully: "I thank you, Commander Chute, and all the members of the Grand Army."

PRESENTATION OF SILK FLAG
TO THE POST,
BY
FRANKLIN WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 89.

DEDICATION OF THE

A DELIGHTFUL INTERRUPTION.

The commander recognized Mrs. Annabelle Lewis Woodward, President of Woman's Relief Corps No. 89, auxiliary to Franklin Post No. 60, G. A. R., who desired to say a word or two at this stage of the proceedings. Mrs. Woodward was presented.



MRS. ANNABELLE LEWIS WOODWARD,
President of Franklin Corps, 89, who presented Flag to
Post 60, G. A. R.

MRS. WOODWARD'S ADDRESS.

Commander Chute, honored guests, members of Post No. 60 and other organizations: There have been many gala days since old Post No. 60 came into existence, but none more pleasing, perhaps, than this when an old comrade turns his thoughts to his boyhood home and sends back his treasures for their pleasure, and, through them, for the pleasure and benefit of the entire community.

As Corps 89, Auxiliary of the Grand Army, always shares in the joys as well as the sorrows of Post No. 60, we, the members, also would express our appreciation for our part in this splendid gift from Mr. and Mrs. Newell.

But, Commander, there are others who wish to testify to their appreciation of your Post. Color-bearers, attention!

The color-bearers of the Corps responded to the orders and stood at "attention," while Mrs Narcissa Lincoln, patriotic instructor, produced from one of the corners of the hall a large silk flag, and, accompanied by the colors, escorted Mrs. Woodward to the altar where the president continued her address as follows:

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Commander, when you and your comrades marched from this hall last Memorial Day, the members of Corps 89 noticed that the old flag you bore was sun-stained and wind-torn, and that you needed another, and I now have the pleasure, in behalf of Corps 89, assisted by generous citizens of Franklin of presenting you with this new one, which, bright and beautiful, will float upon the summer air, and every silken fold of it will speak of love that is woven there; the love of patriots who fought for it upon bloody fields of long ago; the love of women old who "mourn for those who died for it yet mourn without despair;" and the love of ninety million of free people, whose emblem of love and freedom and liberty it stands today.

"Your flag and my flag
See how it flies today;
In your land and my land,
And half the world away!

Rose red and blood red,
Its stripes forever gleam,
Snow white and soul white,
The good forefathers' dream.

Sky blue and true blue,
With stars to shine aright;
A glorious guidon for the day,
A shelter through the night."

I present you, Commander, with this flag for Post No. 60.

(Mrs. Woodward's speech and her recitation were most enthusiastically applauded.)



COMRADE EDWIN T. COWELL,
of Dorchester,
Former President of the National Association of Signal
Corps Veterans.

THE COMMANDER'S ACCEPTANCE.

Madame President and Ladies of the Relief Corps, in behalf of my comrades of Post No. 60 I accept from you this magnificent gift. I cannot find words adequate to express my appreciation ; but I know that every member of this Post will cherish this lovely banner and care for it as tenderly as they have the flag which you gave the Commander many years ago, at the presentation of which I was present. I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Amid much enthusiasm President Woodward, the the patriotic instructor, and color-bearers marched to their seats. For this beautiful ceremony Miss Carrie C. Mason, past president of the Corps, played the marches and incidental music.

During the presentation exercises Comrade Edwin T. Cowell, of Dorchester, recited the following lines written by Oliver Wendell Holmes :

“ When our land is illum'd with liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor, that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her story !
By the millions unchain'd who our birthright have gained
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained !
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
While the land the of free is the home of the brave !”

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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

According to the programme, said the Commander, the next number is the soul-stirring "Star Spangled Banner." Our good sister, Mrs. Rollinson, will sing the solo and I want everyone to join in the last two lines of each verse.

Mrs. Rollinson's solo work was beautiful, and the refrain, in which the audience joined swelled superbly. She sang the Oliver Wendell Holmes verse, recited by Comrade Cowell, and the Commander remarked that it was the first time he had ever heard it with music. It was quite unusual, he said, and he thanked the soloist for her splendid rendition.

NEWELL RELIC AND CURIO HALL

HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

DEDICATION OF THE

COMRADE NEWELL

MADE AN

HONORARY MEMBER.

Comrade Nason made the following announcement: Commander, comrades and friends: At this time I desire to announce to the department officers and others here assembled that at an adjourned meeting of Post No. 60, held this afternoon, Comrade Frederick A. Newell, of Post No. 145, Attleboro, a former townsman, was unanimously elected an honorary member, and his name placed upon the rolls of Franklin Post, No. 60.

This action was taken in recognition of the service which he rendered when only a boy-soldier in defence of flag and country from 1861 to 1865; his many acts of benevolence, his noble manhood and his good citizenship.

In conclusion, I will add this sentiment: "May his health soon be restored to enable him to enjoy the fruits of his industrious life!"

NEWELL RELIC AND CURIO HALL

ADDRESS

BY

THE HON. THOMAS Z. LEE,
OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEDICATION OF THE

INTRODUCTION OF JUDGE LEE,
BY
THE COMMANDER.

Some years ago, comrades and friends, when I was engaged in teaching a profession, that I was somewhat familiar with, in the city of Woonsocket (with a little newspaper work on the side to "keep the wolf from the door"), in the office where I worked was a big good-natured boy. Very much to their astonishment, his associates learned that, while the boy was at work in the office during the day, he was busily engaged in burning the midnight oil studying law. He answered to the name of "Tommy." After he had electrified some of his friends who lost track of him after moving to other fields, like myself, by being admitted to the Rhode Island Bar, we learned soon after that he was made judge of one of the courts in the northern part of the State.

It so happened that I was called to testify in the court where this judge was presiding, but, prior to going, I thought I would make a friendly call upon



JUDGE THOMAS ZANSLAUR LEE,
of Providence, R. I.
Who Represented Comrade and Mrs. Frederick A. Newell.

him at his office. I did so, and had a very cordial time. In the course of the conversation, I said, "I am going down to your court, today, 'Tommy,'" to which the judge replied; "All right, Professor"—he called me "professor" in those days—"but, for the love of Heaven, don't forget and address me as 'Tommy' while you are there." And I didn't.

That was a good many years ago, more than I should be forgiven if I should name them. That same "Tommy" is here and I have the very great pleasure now of introducing to you my old-time friend "Tommy" Lee, the Hon. Thomas Z. Lee, of Providence.

JUDGE LEE'S SPEECH.

Commander Chute, Department Officers, Ladies and Gentlemen: The very pleasant and feeling introduction by Commander Chute reminds me of an incident that happened immediately before my election as Justice of the Court of which he speaks.

One of my good friends in the town of North Smithfield who, on many occasions during my boyhood days, had chased me away from his pet walnut tree and apple orchard, and whose interest in my welfare continued in after life, rejoicing in my election to the office mentioned, took up the newspaper one evening and read to his good wife as follows: "It appears to be the intention of the legislature of Rhode Island to throw the ermine over the broad shoulders of Mr. Lee." At that point he stopped and said to his wife, "Marthy, what is an ermine?" She says, "An ermine! Well, I should think it was some place where they get coal or iron from, maybe silver, or, possibly, gold." He says, "No, 'taint nothing like that, its something different; it has a different ring to it." The article

was read again, and they compared notes further and decided the only way to get at the real meaning was to go to Brother Jones' house across the street and get the daughter's dictionary. The son was dispatched across and the dictionary was borrowed, and they looked up the word "ermine" and read as the definition: "a small fur-bearing animal." Martha took off her glasses and looked straight at her good husband, "Well, I do declare" — and there was fire in her eyes — "if that ain't the wust." Why don't they call a spade a spade and be done with it; and if they are going to throw a bad-smelling creature like an 'ermine' over his shoulders, why don't they call it by its right name?"

The little poem "Old Friends," read by Miss Walsh, was very pleasant. It brought back tender memories of times gone by when Commander Chute and myself were in the office of the *Woonsocket Reporter*. But our positions were quite different; he was an editor, who wielded the mighty pen, and made the sentiment and thought for the community, while I was the apprentice in the printing office, a position known among the printing fraternity as that of the "office devil." Stimulated by good example, I endeavored to make it appear that my office was fully as important as those higher up, and learned that, in doing my duty, it is no harm to give good measure, and among those higher up in the old *Reporter* office, Commander Chute

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was my ideal. His good example and his true friendship have never failed me, and I hope that the day when I shall cease to enjoy these will only come when we have finished our life work.

I am very glad to meet Commander Chute in the exalted position he now holds in your Order, and I am very proud to be introduced to you by him, and hope for many years to come that he will continue to be identified with Franklin; to be, as he now is an honor and credit to the community, a patriotic and upright citizen, and a good friend.

To him in a large measure is due the great success of this dedication; and may he be long spared to you and to those who honor and admire him is my humblest wish for him.

While I have been introduced as the attorney for Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Newell, and hope always during my employment to serve them according to the best of my ability in matters legal, it is not in that capacity that I am here this evening. It is as their friend and in their place that my presence here has been made possible, and my only regret is that it is not convenient for them, instead of me, to participate in your delightful exercises, meet you face to face, accept your greetings and good wishes, and be inspired with the depth of patriotism and kindness which is diffused amongst you. Inclement weather and the re-

NEWELL RELIC AND CURIO HALL

cent heavy storm have made travel hither for Mr. and Mrs. Newell next to impossible. The trip would have been made, nevertheless and both would have been with you except for the fact that Mr. Newell's health at present is not of the best, and he is directed by his physician to avoid the night air. But I bring you, as their friend and representative, their good wishes and kindest thoughts. and beg your acceptance of their gift with all the tender sentiment surrounding every article of the collection, as a slight evidence of their high regard for Franklin Post, No. 60, and its affiliated organizations, and with the hope that it may be a nucleus for a museum in Franklin that will contain relics and collections of historic value and be representative of the locality which Mr. and Mrs. Newell love so well.

It is also to be regretted that they are denied the pleasure of hearing the stirring addresses of Past Department Commander Roe, Department Commander Parker, Assistant Adjutant-General DeWolf and the other eloquent comrades, who have graced the occasion with their presence and spoken so highly of the spirit that prompted these gifts, and the well chosen and timely presentation speech of Mrs. Annabelle L. Woodward, as well as the pretty poems by Miss Walsh ; but the loss shall be compensated in a small degree because, in due course, the stenographic account of these proceedings will be presented Mr. and Mrs.

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Newell, and I am sure they will get a strong idea of the excellence of these exercises.

The instructions from my friends may be readily understood when I repeat what Mr. Newell said to me a day or two ago: "Go to Franklin Post meeting, represent us wherever you can, express our regrets at our inability to be present and tell them that nothing I ever did gave me more pleasure than the making of these gifts. I would be there myself if I could, but you know my health will not permit it."

Comrade Newell will take great pleasure in inspecting the Relic and Curio Hall and the excellent system you have used in the distribution and exhibition of his collection. In his behalf I tender sincere thanks to Franklin Post, No. 60, for the distinguished honor they have conferred on our friend in electing him an honorary member of this Post. Be assured that he will deeply appreciate this mark of distinction and respect, and will always, by word and deed, be worthy of it and live under the high principles and beautiful teachings of the Grand Army of the Republic.

In conclusion, Commander Chute, I thank you for your kind introduction and your attention. (Great applause.)

When the applause which followed Judge Lee's address subsided, the Commander remarked incidentally: "I have placed among my treasures, my choicest treasures, several letters that I have received recently from my old friend, 'Tommy' Lee, the Judge."

DEDICATION OF THE

ADDRESS

BY

JOHN L. PARKER,

OF LYNN,

COMMANDER DEPARTMENT OF MASS. G. A. R.



COMRADE JOHN L. PARKER,
of Lynn,
Commander, Dept. of Mass. G. A. R., 1909-10.

PRESENTATION OF
THE DEPARTMENT COMMANDER,
BY
COMMANDER CHUTE.

It is a great pleasure to have with us again the Department Commander. There is no necessity of my presenting him or of my introducing him. I simply need say that our Department Commander is here. His personal letter stating that he would come out to Franklin, is, also, an addition to my choicest treasures. Department Commander Parker, the comrades and friends would like to hear from you.

THE
DEPARTMENT COMMANDER'S ADDRESS.

Commander Chute, Comrades, and Friends: I want, first of all, to thank your most genial commander for allowing me the privilege of coming here this evening and assisting in the dedication of your "New-ell."

Whatever interests any Post in the Grand Army of the Republic surely should, and equally surely does, interest the Department Commander and all the officers of the Department. I have been here before and hope to come here again, and I congratulate Post No. 60 on the fact that it has such a generous, patriotic friend—such true friends, as Mr. and Mrs. Newell.

You have heard set forth in eloquent terms the beauties of a collection like the one which has been given to you, and I want to say right here that Past Department Commander Roe is better fitted to deliver that address than any other comrade in all this broad Commonwealth of ours. —(Applause). —Not only for his ability as an orator, but, also, for the interest he has taken in the collection of the memorials of the

State of Massachusetts. He has been tireless in his gathering of data in regard to the monuments and memorial halls of Massachusetts, and when the result of his work is placed in type and distributed among the libraries of the Commonwealth, I prophesy it will be one of the most interesting contributions to the history of the war of '61 to '65 that can be found upon those shelves.

In the course of his remarks Comrade Roe alluded to the fact that there is always some one thing that is more choice, more desirable, I might say more savable, than anything else in the collection, but, while that may be true of most collections, it is not true of all of them.

Do you remember in the history of the Commonwealth, when the Indians descended upon the town of Haverhill and destroyed the larger part of that small settlement as it was at that time, that Thomas Dustin, seeing his family of ten little children and desiring to save them, looked them over — he was mounted upon a horse and could carry but one or two — and couldn't think of one that he would save above the rest, and so he said he would save them all? And he did save all. There was no one of them that he could single out of all the rest.

And so it is with the collection of relics in the headquarters of Post No. 5, at Lynn. We have a large

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collection there, and yet it would be almost impossible for us to pick out any particular one relic that we would save. If danger threatened them, we would try to save them all, hard work as it might be; and yet, if there is one relic above all others that we would try the hardest to save, it would be the camp flag, the headquarters flag of General Lander, for whom the Post was named. When Lander was fatally wounded, as it proved to be, and was laid upon the ground, his wagon was nearby, and some one said, "Is there nothing there that we can lay the General upon?" the first thing at hand was the headquarters flag, and it was brought and he was carefully laid upon it. And that flag is at Post No. 5 hall presented to us by a Post in Baltimore, stained with the lifeblood of General Lander, which makes it the most precious of all the flags in that hall. (Applause.)

Throughout this Commonwealth, there are many flags; there are many relics; there are many halls. Commander Roe has told us that, although all the towns and cities do not have relics or memorials of the war, yet the average of all of them is more than the number of towns and cities of the Commonwealth; and to you, Commander and comrades of Post No. 60, is this great distinction of having the first hall that is specially dedicated as a memorial hall, as a relic hall, in which you may store curios and things which you most desire to retain and cherish.

I congratulate you upon many things, and especially upon the gift of this beautiful flag, and I trust that as you look at those silken folds you will not forget the beautiful language with which this dear friend (because the Woman's Relief Corps is the Post's dearest friend), presented this eloquent token; this elegant emblem to you.

And, comrades and friends here in Franklin, I am glad that you have a hall like this; I am glad that you have added this "New-ell"; I am glad that you have placed here something that shall be a lesson, a constant lesson, to the young people of the rising generation and of the generations to come, of the patriotism of the boys of '61 and '65, the men who went forth in those days and for four long weary years fought for this dear old flag; who made it possible that this country of ours should be as expansive as it has proved to be; who made it possible that this nation of ours should become a great power in the world, a nation that no other nation would undertake to go to war with, or would undertake to break the peace of the world, without first consulting these great United States of ours.

And comrades, it is an honor to us to have worn the blue of Uncle Sam; it is an honor to us to have followed this flag; it is an honor to us that this fine monument to patriotism has been built in the town of

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Franklin. Long may you live to enjoy it; long may you live to be honored by your fellow citizens; and long may you continue to feel that you are a part of the greatest nation in the world; that you preserved it; laid the foundation of it; and that part of the glory belongs to you.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

“Following the Department Commander’s speech came the singing of that thrilling war-time song, “Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.” Mrs. Rollinson sang the solo, with piano accompaniment, and the audience joined enthusiastically.

NEWELL RELIC AND CURIO HALL

ADDRESS

BY

HON. BRADLEY M. ROCKWOOD,

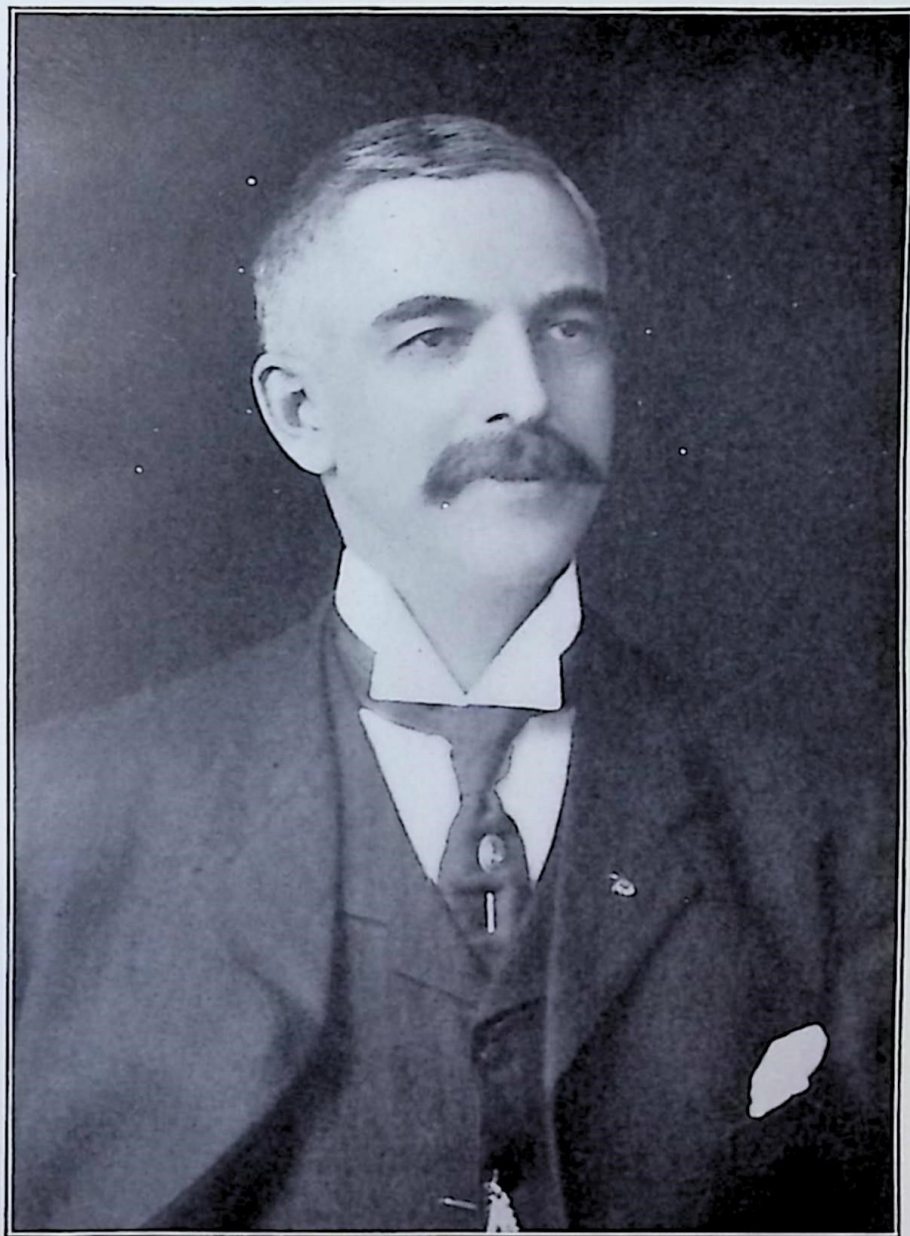
SENATOR FROM

THE SECOND NORFOLK DISTRICT.

DEDICATION OF THE

INTRODUCTION OF SENATOR ROCKWOOD,
BY
COMMANDER CHUTE.

Senator Rockwood has kindly consented to deliver a little address to us. I take very great pleasure in presenting the senator from the Second Norfolk District, Hon. Bradley M. Rockwood.



HON. BRADLEY M. ROCKWOOD,
Senator from the Second Norfolk District.

SENATOR ROCKWOOD'S ADDRESS.

Commander Chute, Members of Post No. 60, and Friends: As I came into the hall while the programmes were being distributed and saw you all looking them over, I thought I could hear some of you saying to yourselves, "What under the sun has Commander Chute put him on the programme for?" I think, perhaps, some might have thought I was going to make a political speech; but that isn't necessary; the election is over and I got by;" and, at the end of my term, propose to retire to private life.

But I just want to say that it is a great honor to come here tonight for more reasons than one. I think it is an honor, at *any time*, to address the boys of the Grand Army, especially for me who never smelt powder except on the Fourth of July or in the Maine woods. It is an honor to come here and join with you tonight in saying "thank you" to the comrade who has given you such a great addition to your Post hall and such a fine receptacle for containing relics and your Post's treasures.

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You know it says in the Good Book, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." I think it is a great honor to have been born in Franklin. Comrade Newell was born here sixty-five years ago, and, as you, perhaps, know his history better than I can recite it. spent his boyhood days on the farm, received his early education in the Franklin schools, and then, arriving at early manhood, enlisted, served in the war, and, after his discharge, came back to Franklin to take up again the duties of life. As he looked around, he found farm life less attractive and other fields that looked more fertile for his advancement, and he migrated to Attleboro.

He has been all over the world, practically; has gathered together considerable of this world's goods, and now comes back, as it were, to the old town to honor his comrades and his early associates, by presenting to you this beautiful addition to your hall.

I know Commander, that none of the Post will ever forget Comrade Newell, or how he looks, but Mrs. Newell, thought it would be very nice if she could do something extra, "on her own hook" if I may so put it, and thinking that it would be highly appropriate for your children and your children's children to know how the donor of this building looked, has made another presentation to the Post; and, Commander Chute in behalf of Mrs. Newell, I wish to present to the Post this portrait of Mr. Frederick A. Newell.

NEWELL RELIC AND CURIO HALL

Amid great enthusiasm and hearty applause a superb pastel portrait of Comrade Newell was unveiled by Brother Fred E. Mason, a member of Camp 110, Sons of Veterans, who had carefully concealed the picture with a large national flag, and, at a signal from the senator, removed the covering.

Continuing, Senator Rockwood said:—I am sure that, when Mr. Newell reads about the presentation of this picture, he will be as much surprised as perhaps some of you have been at receiving it.

I can only say Commander Chute that I hope it may always hang on these walls and always serve to remind you and the "boys" of your Post of the one who, while not present at your meetings, ever bears in mind the best of all things for the old soldiers. May your Post prosper more than ever under your new surroundings!

ACCEPTANCE BY THE COMMANDER.

Senator Rockwood: In the name of my comrades of Post No. 60, Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., I accept this additional gift from Mrs. Newell with hearty thanks and gratitude. You will kindly express to Mrs. Newell, through her representative the very great appreciation of the commander and the members of the Post.

This portrait will occupy a space in the Newell Relic and Curio Hall between the windows on the east side, where those who visit the hall will have an opportunity of seeing the face of the good comrade who made this occasion possible. I thank you.

Department Commander Roe asked the privilege of adding a word or two at this time. He said: "The representative and attorney being present, would it not be well for him to suggest to Comrade Newell that he return the compliment extended by his wife, and that her picture also be given to this Post?"

NEWELL RELIC AND CURIO HALL

Judge Lee: Commmander Roe, it will give me great pleasure to convey that message, and I will gladly do it.

Commander Chute: And when that message is delivered, I hope the Judge will see to it that it brings a picture of Mrs. Newell.

The portrait of Mr. Newell was made by F. Victorson, of Boston a talented young artist, who succeeded in drawing a perfect likeness. It is enclosed in a heavy, oaken frame and occupies a place of honor in the relic hall.

DEDICATION OF THE

ADDRESS

BY

COMRADE ISRAEL H. DEWOLF,
ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL DEPARTMENT
OF MASS., G. A. R.



COMRADE ISRAEL H. DeWOLF,
of Somerville,
Assistant Adjutant-General, Dept. of Mass., G. A. R.

INTRODUCTION OF THE
ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

We have with us again this evening our loyal comrade, Assistant Adjutant-General Israel H. DeWolf, of Somerville. He always has a word of cheer for his comrades, and something of interest for all. Comrade DeWolf.

COMRADE DEWOLF'S ADDRESS.

Commander Chute, Friends, Comrades and Brothers :
I understand that the comrade who has given you this splendid addition as a hall for relics and souvenirs is a native of this town. If we study the question a moment we will notice how often it has happened that someone born in some village or town, has gone forth afterwards into the world and made for himself a name and a fortune, has loved to come back to the dear old home place and bestow upon it some of those honors and those accumulations which he has gained. And what a blessed idea that is, that has been placed in the bosom of every one of us, that longing for the old home town; that desire to go back once more to the place of our birth, perhaps to purchase again, if we may, the old homestead and the farm upon which we played and where we love to be.

For my friends, after all we may say about the world-wide splendor of our nation, about the great extent of our country and all that it has been and all

that it looks forward to being, yet still about the old hearthstone with its love for father and mother; with its devotion for brother and sister, and with all of those ideas that come to us in our childhood and grow with us into our later years, from this source, after all, springs that wider love of country which some of us are ready to display upon every field and under every circumstance.

Let us remember this and let us love to cherish and keep more and more sacred in our own hearts, and make dearer to those with whom we come in contact every day, the great overpowering faith that home life really makes possible the broader life of the nation and of humanity.

DEDICATION OF THE

ADDRESS

BY

COMRADE GEORGE A. HOSLEY,
COMMANDER OF THE GRAND ARMY CLUB
OF MASS.



COMRADE GEORGE A. HOSLEY,
of Charlestown,
Commander of the Grand Army Club of Massachusetts.

INTRODUCTION OF
COMRADE GEORGE A. HOSLEY.

The next speaker is Comrade George A. Hosley, of Boston, Commander of the Grand Army Club of Massachusetts, a club that represents nearly fifty posts in this department. I am sure he has something of interest to say to you. Comrade Hosley.

COMRADE HOSLEY'S REMARKS.

Commander Chute, Comrades, Ladies of the Relief Corps, and Friends: I am a staunch believer in those words of the late Rev. Dr. Deems, of New York, who said: "If I have ever done a good deed in life; ever spoken a word that has brought comfort, ever written anything that has encouraged one in his adversity, tell it to me while I am alive; tell it to me before mine eyes are closed in death, for I would give more for an ounce of 'taffy' than I would for a pound of 'epitaph-y.'" So I am going to spread a little "taffy" here.

Commander, I congratulate you and your Post upon the splendid quarters you have here to meet in. I congratulate this Post on having among its members that active-working comrade George W. Nason, whom I have known for years and travelled across country with.

Unlike Commander Roe and our Department Commander, this is my first visit to Franklin, but, with my

experience here tonight and the most hospitable reception extended, I will say that, if I had been consulted before my birth about the matter, I should certainly have been born in Franklin.

I also congratulate this Post on the able Commander that it has. I refrain from saying more because of his extreme modesty and bashfulness. If I should spread any more "taffy," he might stick to the wall with embarrassment.

I congratulate the Post on the splendid working organizations that it has here; — the Woman's Relief Corps and the Sons and Daughters of Veterans. Here is a sample of their zeal and patriotism presented here tonight.

And lastly I congratulate this Post upon this splendid annex memorial hall that it has received as a gift from that distinguished comrade and loyal citizen, Comrade Newell. He has builded, Hon. Thomas Z. Lee, better than he knew. Like our Pilgrim fathers, it will stand as a lesson to future generations.

I am placed somewhat in the position of the man who was elected year after year and year after year treasurer of a certain organization. He was going down to the meeting that night, and his wife said to him, "Now, Thomas, don't take the office again tonight." "No, Mary, I won't." He went down and positively declined to accept the office, but they said

to him, "Now, Brother Thomas, you have been a splendid treasurer for a number of years, a model treasurer, in every respect, and we want you for another year." And at last, after much coaxing, he consented; and when he arrived home his wife said, "Thomas, did you accept?" "Yes, Mary, I did." "What did you do that for?" She was very much provoked. And he replied, "Well, they said I had been a model treasurer for so many years and they couldn't get anyone to fill the place in such an able manner, and so I consented." And the good wife said, "Yes, Thomas, you are a model husband and a model man in every respect." He went to bed, but got to dreaming about that word "model," so he got up and looked in the dictionary for it, and found the definition: "Model, a small imitation of the real thing."

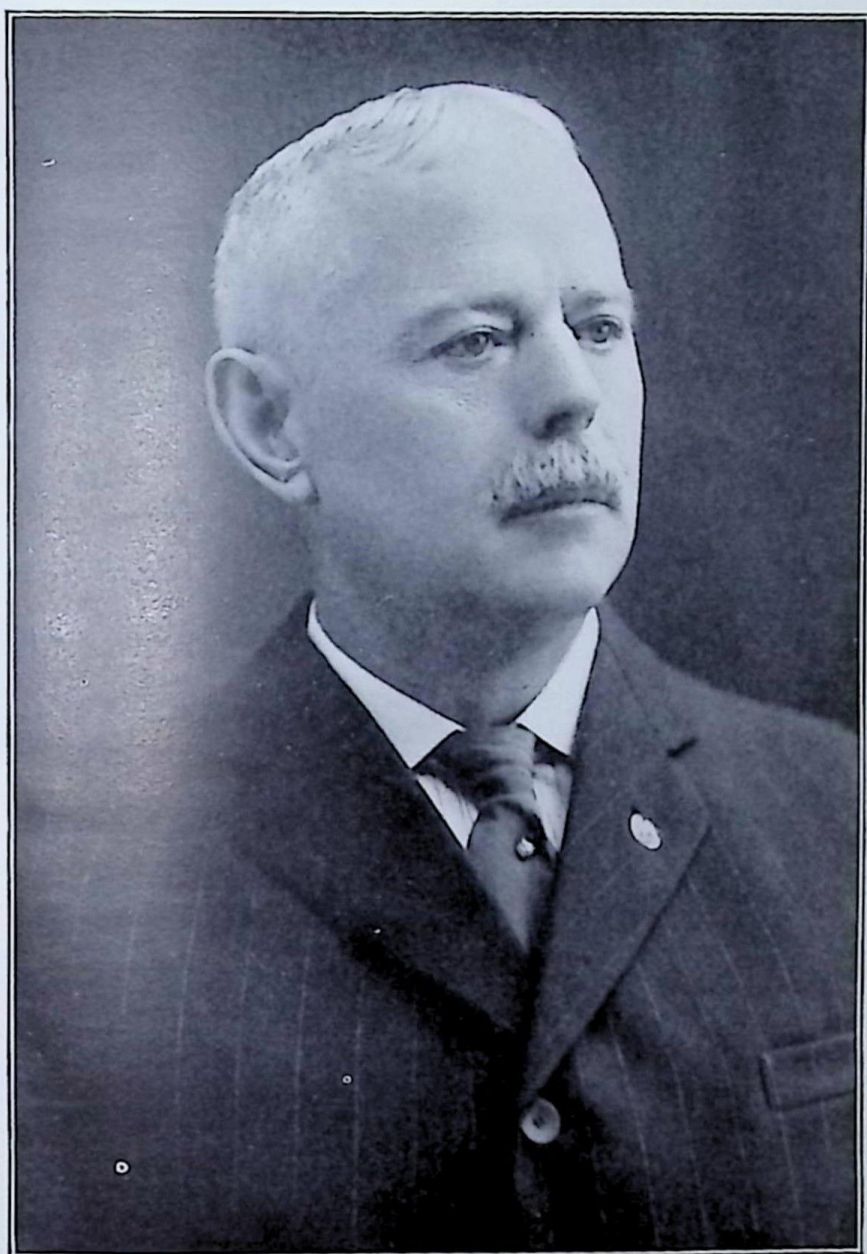
And so, in the presence of so many distinguished speakers, I feel in the position of "a small imitation of" — you know the rest!

DEDICATORY EXERCISES TO BE PRINTED.

After Commander Hosley had spoken the Commander remarked, incidentally, that Judge Lee had very kindly and considerately brought with him his private secretary, Miss Viola Follis of Providence, so that the proceedings of the dedication might be stenographically reported. After her notes have been transcribed and typewritten, he said, he hoped they might be published in a booklet, or in a pamphlet form, so that all the comrades and friends here this evening, and those who couldn't get here on account of the storm, may have a copy. It was very kind of the Judge to suggest bringing Miss Follis with him, and if she were on the programme, the commander would certainly ask her at this time to say how glad she is to be present.

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SPEECH
BY
EX-SELECTMAN
GEORGE F. S. SINGLETON,
OF FRANKLIN.



GEORGE F. S. SINGLETON, Esq.,
of Franklin,
Former Selectman of the Town,

NEWELL RELIC AND CURIO HALL

INTRODUCTION OF EX-SELECTMAN SINGLETON,
BY
THE COMMANDER.

Dr. Ambrose J. Gallison, one of the selectmen of the town, whose name appears on the programme, is not here to respond to the toast, but, in his place, I will call upon ex-selectman George F. S. Singleton, whom we are always glad to see and hear at our Grand Army gatherings.

MR. SINGLETON'S SPEECH.

Commander: In looking down the page of this programme I do not find my name among the list of speakers. I came, sir, at your invitation and of that of Post 60, to be a listener and see this beautiful and varied collection of relics so carefully gathered together by your comrade, Mr. Newell, and so graciously and so very generously presented to Post 60 by this kind gentleman and former resident.

I wish to thank you, Commander Chute, ladies of the Corps, veterans and sons and daughters of veterans, for the privilege of being with you on this auspicious occasion and meeting you all. I find old friends and companions that I have known for the last twenty-six years here this evening in the persons of Commander Chute, and Judge Thomas Z. Lee, of Providence, which causes me to feel still more at home. I am always proud and glad to attend a meeting called

by the old soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic. I am at all times pleased to meet old soldiers, especially those that did their duty in the hour of this their country's trial and in the hour of great need. I, for one, should be only too glad if soldiers could be fully dispensed with in this world; that we had no further use for them unless it be as Christian soldiers; that war should be no more, that no drum should call soldiers to arms to create misery and suffering in the wake of the battle and smoke and conflagration. I regret that in this world of today we have not yet reached such an ideal state, although we are much nearer the goal than formerly. We should be glad and all rejoice that arbitration, in many instances in the past thirty-five years, has prevented bloodshed and brought forth peaceable settlements, those which seemed at one time almost too difficult to amicably settle unless by force of arms. The Geneva award and the arbitration of the Alabama claims are glorious monuments to arbitration and the settlement of international disputes.

I wish to endorse, sir, the statements and support Commander Roe in relation to the gathering together and conserving of relics of our wars and past history in the United States of America, and, also, to especially guard and care for relics of centuries of age; relics that denote the time and type of civilization that

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brought forth wonderful results from wonderful men and women to whom we owe much for the great benefits and advantages of our present day. Such curios should be safely gathered and deposited with proper and correct records and historical facts in a public building in every important town, and these should be treasured for future generations to examine and study and wonder at, and call back former days to their young minds.

Some years ago I visited Fayetteville in North Carolina. This town, prior to the war and up to the time of General Sherman's march to the sea, possessed the second largest arsenal in the Union. When the war broke out, the Confederates had this arsenal to fall back upon and make use of, much to the detriment of the Union cause. General Sherman ordered this building razed as soon as he reached the town of Fayetteville on his memorable march through Georgia. Now I found on my visit there in February, 1899, that many of the residents had served in the four years' strife and lost everything they had of worldly possessions. I found that most of these good people were of Irish, Scotch and English descent, and some had come from those countries as children. They had grown up under the southern skies and ways and manners and customs existing there in slavery days, and had looked upon their side as the righteous cause in

1860. One of these men was a Colonel McPherson who led the charge at Gettysburg with his cavalry and lost eighty-five per cent of his mounts under the Union fire. One man was named James McNeil; one, John Dickinson, and another, Watson, all of which names denotes Anglo-Saxon origin, Irish, Scotch, English by parentage, those southern-born in most cases. Mr. Dickinson and Mr. McPherson called upon me and friends at the Fayetteville Hotel and offered us much of the hospitality so common to the southerner at home. During our conversation Mr. McPherson, finding out that my Northern friends were of old American stock and I of English birth, addressed me with the remarks, "Singleton, your country did not stand by us and help us in our four years' struggle against the North." I replied very gently, yet firmly: "Mr. McPherson and Mr. Dickinson and gentlemen, the great mass of the people of Great Britain did right and you know now that they did so in non-interference, other than by praying for the war to cease." After a slight pause, this body of good fellows replied: "Yes, you are right in that statement. It was all for the best," which denoted that they desired to forget the struggle and the past. And, today, these people are classed in the North by some as "rebels," and yet we nearly all of the same blood and race as those brave people who in 1776, when fighting for what they

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thought and knew was right, had also been called "rebels." Let us forget that name of rebel as applied to either North or South, either in 1776 or in 1860, for today in that United Kingdom across the sea, from whose shores the early American settlers came, the people of those isles are now fighting similar battles to those that we called the "Spirit of 1776," and, while not fighting by bullets, they are fighting the same cause by ballots, and it is also against the Lords and Lords spiritual. I earnestly hope the people over there will win, for it is the same cry of 1776, "No taxation unless representation."

I was pleased to read, Commander Chute, in your Boston *Transcript*, the extract from the speech of that sturdy Welshman, the Honorable Lloyd George, that he had set the trap for the House of Lords, and when they are through and a clear path cut for religious equality and education you will hear the song of the Welshman from the tops of the hills and in the valleys, a song not equalled since the song of Miriam after the Red Sea had been crossed.

Commander, I was very glad to see also that the British Ambassador, the Right Honorable Mr. Brice, in his address yesterday at Carnegie Hall, New York, in honoring the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of that great British statesman, the Right Honorable

William Ewart Gladstone, took this occasion to explain how that noble man had confessed that he was mistaken and, had later, acknowledged that he did not fully understand the question involved in the bringing about of that war of 1861 in these states, that subsequently he had entirely new convictions. "But," Mr. Brice added, "the great mass of the British people made no mistakes, but to a man were in favor of that war being brought to a conclusion that the Union might live," and, I would further state, if such was not the case, then why did Wilberforce lead the way and the British taxpayer pay up \$150,000,000 to purchase the freedom of all slaves in British foreign possessions prior to 1859.

In conclusion, Mr. Commander and friends, I wish again to impress upon you the great importance of gathering together historical relics, historical data and teaching historical facts. You cannot teach too much of true history in all our public schools. Only yesterday at a meeting in the great city of New York, the newly elected president of Harvard University, President Lowell, in addressing a body composed of visitors from foreign lands and from all parts of this country, comprising the heads of many of our seats of learning, laid very great stress upon the lack of the correct teaching of history, and pointed out that in such se-

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rious lack of historical knowledge lies our present weakness in civil government as well as national government.

I wish to congratulate this body in having such truly patriotic and generous friends as Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Newell, of Attleboro.



COMRADE T. BENTON KELLEY,
of Boston,
Dept. of Vermont, G. A. R.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Before the conclusion of the exercises Judge Lee and his secretary, having to leave in order to take a trolley for Providence, by the way of Woonsocket, were given an ovation as they retired from the hall. The Commander then called upon Comrade T. Benton Kelley who sang a song composed by him for the anniversary of Post No. 60, held in 1908, entitled "Those Slim Kids of '61," and dedicated to the "kids" of the Union Army of which Commander Chute is one. The verses of the song follow:

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THOSE SLIM KIDS OF '61.

When Rebs' shot hit Fort Sumter's wall,
It roused recruits both lean and small;
Some wrote "eighteen" on their shoe sole
And o'er that age they reached the goal.
Scrawny, lean, thin as a rail,
Oft shop-recruits were sick and pale;
But these same lads just got their due —
That "rough and tumble" pulled them through."

CHORUS: "Ta Ra Ra Boom De Aye."

That racket lasted four long years,
Secesh was walloped, it appears;
Young manhood came to one and all,
But still it found them playing ball.
The jig was up in sixty-five —
A few of them were still alive,
And ever since they've tried to stay —
And that is why they're here to-day.

CHORUS.

Then don't retain the thought one minute
That these slim kids are not right in it.
Though with crows'-feet, and somewhat gray,
They are the same brave kids to-day.
Then let her go at double-quick —
The people won't forget the trick
That these slim kids helped save the land
And so we'll shout to beat the band —

CHORUS.

Pursuant to a request from some of the guests for a social hour, the Commander declared the meeting closed and invited the comrades and their friends to enjoy a campfire. Thus ended one of the most remarkable events in the Post's history and one that will live as long as these pages last.